Alarmes. Enter Warwicke.

War. Sore ſpent with toile, as runners with the race,
I lay me downe a little while to breathe,
For ſtrokes receiude, and many blowes repaide,
Hath robd my ſtrong knit ſinewes of their ſtrength,
And force perforce, needs muſt I reſt my ſelfe.

Enter Edward.

Edw. Smile gentle heauens, or ſtrike vngentle death,
That we may die vnleſſe we gaine the day:
What fatall ſtarre malignant frownes from heauen,
Vpon the harmeleſſe line of Yorkes true houſe?

Enter George.

George. Come brother come, lets to the field againe,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day:
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting Troopes,
Leaſt they retire now we haue left the field.

War. How now my Lords, what hap? what hope of good?

Enter Richard running.

Rich. Ah *Warwicke*, why haſt thou withdrawne thy ſelfe?
Thy noble father in the thickeſt throngs,
Cride ſtill for *Warwicke*, his thrice valiant ſonne,
Vntill with thouſand ſwords he was beſet,
And many wounds made in his aged breſt,
And as he tottring ſate vpon his ſteede,
He waft his hand to me, and cride aloud,
Richard, commend me to my valiant ſonne,
And ſtill he cride, *Warwicke* reuenge my death,
And with thoſe words he tumbled off his horſe,
And ſo the noble *Salsbury* gaue vp the ghoſt.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud,
Ile kill my horſe, becauſe I will not flie:
And heere to God of heauen I make a vow,
Neuer to paſſe from forth this bloudy field,

Till

Till I am full reuenged for his
Edw. Lord *Warwicke*, I do be
And in that vow now ioyne m
Thou ſetter vp and puller dow
Vouchſafe a gentle victory to
Or let vs die before we loſe th
George. Then let vs haſte to
And call them pillars that wil
And highly promiſe to remun
Their truſty ſeruice, in theſe d
Rich. Come, come away, ar
For yet is hope of fortune go
Brothers, giue me your hands
And take our leaues, vntill we
Where ere it be, in heauen or i
Now I that neuer wept, now m
To ſee theſe dire miſhaps cor
Warwicke, farewell.
War. Away, away, once mo

Alarmes, and then e
and Cliff

Rich. A *Clifford*, a *Clifford.*
Clif. A *Richard*, a *Richard.*
Rich. Now Clifford, for Y
This thirſty ſword that longs
Shall lop thy limbes, and ſlice
For to reuenge the murders t
Clif. Now *Richard*, I am wi
This is the hand that ſtab'd th
And this the hand that ſlew t
And heere's the heart that tri
And cheeres theſe hands that
To execute the like vpon thy
And ſo haue at thee.